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Roxbury, Jan. 11, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

Yours of yesterday is received. I enclose a letter from Zurich for Harry, which has also just been delivered.

We can match you as to the fickleness of the weather. Two days ago the mercury fell thirty degrees in less than twenty hours. I presume you read Mark Twain's humorous speech on the weather in New England, at the dinner of the N. E. Society in New York a short time since; and he rung the "changes" upon it, or rather attending it, inimitably well.

My darling Helen's estimate of her mamma and her grandpa was not only affectionately expressed, but an amusing mixing up of antecedents and subsequents. I am glad to hear that her cough is better, and that you are giving her the White Pine Compound.

Should Prof. Marshall call, receive him kindly; for, though not of scholarly attainments, he has an enthusiastic appreciation of the wonders of nature which is really to his credit. His exhibition of the remarkable features of the Yellow Stone region, by the aid of the stereopticon, cannot but induce travelling to see it, and perhaps help to turn the tide of emigration in that direction.

Yesterday forenoon and afternoon the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association was held at the Lowell Institute. Less than a score of persons were present at the opening session. In the afternoon, perhaps a hundred or more attended, a majority being ladies, and a considerable portion of these members of the Women's Club, much to its credit. But the special increase of attendance was owing to a subject that was announced to be discussed—namely, "school shops in the city of Boston," as a part of a boy's training, the knowledge of books and of the mechanic arts likewise.

Those who took part in the discussion (which was quite interesting) were Wendell Phillips, Edward Atkinson, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Professors Whitaker and Watson, and John D. Philbrick.

Do you see any of our Boston papers regularly? If not, I can send you the Advertiser, Journal, or Traveller, as you like.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Heinger, Dr. Jack, and Miss Sprague spent the evening with us very agreeably. Of course, there was the usual game of whist as a part of the entertainment. They send kind remembrances to you, and were much pleased with the children's cabinet photographs.

Yesterday Mrs. Osborne arrived at William's, with her daughter, having been thirty-six hours in getting from Auburn to Boston. I have not yet seen her. Her daughter is troubled with her tonsils, and Dr. Bowditch is to be consulted. - I am pretty well.

Kisses for the dear children.
Your loving Father.

